

A SALOON TO EVERY FIFTY INHABITANTS.

On One Block in Long Island City Nearly Every Building Has a Liquor Store.

A Large Percentage of the Places Are Within Two Hundred Feet of Churches and Schools.

MAYOR GLEASON TO WAGE WAR.

He Orders the Police to Investigate with Tape Measures—Declares He Will Close All That Are Violating the Law.

The popular fallacy that there is a saloon to every five inhabitants in Long Island City has, perhaps, been lightened in the minds of itinerant New Yorkers who leave the other end of the Thirty-fourth street ferry and walk up Borden avenue past "Beer Bibbers' Block," a row of frame houses in which many different games of chance are carried on nightly, nearly every one of which is a liquor store. Saloons touch elbows with saloons, and gin mills rub shoulders against other gin mills. There are no less than eleven saloons in the one short block. Even the festive Mayor Gleason admits that there are more saloons on that block than on any other place of city property of the same size in the world.

The citizens of Long Island City who patronize one or more of the establishments on this distinguished block revel in the name of their neighborhood and in its prolific production of whiskey and beer. All are on one side of the avenue, as the Long Island Railroad yards occupy the other side.

A BLOCK OF SALOONS.

Across from the ferry house, at the end of "Beer Bibbers' Block," is Miller's Hunt Hotel, a lively saloon. Former Assemblyman James Robinson's liquor store is the next building. Then comes a narrow shanty, used as a waiting room for the motormen and conductors of the various lines of trolley cars. Matt Smith's saloon, which he chooses to call the Revere House, which is next in the row, is principally patronized by the trolley men. A little cigar store intervenes between Smith's and the next saloon, that of James McEvoy. Adjoining McEvoy's is William McEneaney's saloon, and adjoining McEneaney's on the other side is the liquor store of Joseph Lally. A coffee and cake house and the headquarters of the newspaper reporters who send humorous stories about Pat Gleason to the New York newspapers, break the monotony of the beer saloons. Then Gus Stiner's saloon again comes in to keep up a reputation of the block. A barber shop, a butcher shop and a cigar store intervene at a safe distance from Ludwig Schmidt, who sells large quantities of beer and gives away half a bottle to every sixty-five inhabitants. A dentist, another barber shop and the office of the local newspaper follow. Then comes Patrick P. Sheehan's saloon, the King's Bay Hotel, and Michael Kane's saloon, at the end of the block.

The Hon. Patrick Jerome Gleason has taken a sudden step in the direction of police reform. He believes that there are too many saloons in Long Island City. There are, he told, 420 saloons in the city. Of these 420 are licensed saloons. There is now about one saloon to every fifty inhabitants. Some of the owners of these places opposed Mr. Gleason's candidacy at the recent election. The Mayor believes that there should not be more than one saloon to every sixty-five inhabitants. He told the people of Long Island City in his campaign orations that he would lessen the number of saloons if elected. He has now taken the first step toward doing that. On Monday he ordered the Police Commissioners to open an investigation into the violation of the law by saloons. The law which declares that no saloon shall be licensed within 200 feet of a church or school house, and to report any instances of such violation to the Excise Commissioners. Accordingly Captain Woods was instructed to send out his policemen with tape measures to lay off the distances of the saloons in the neighborhood of churches and schools.

WITHIN 200 FEET OF CHURCHES.

At the same time the Journal started an investigation of its own. Hardly a school or church stands in Long Island City that has not within 200 feet of it at least one liquor store. Of course the Sunday law is absolutely ignored and great streams of rum-soaked loungers and little children with "growlers" pour in and out of these illegal saloons all through the services at the churches and Sunday schools, and while the worshippers are going to and from church. On week days the little school children meet the same class of people as they go to school and leave for home.

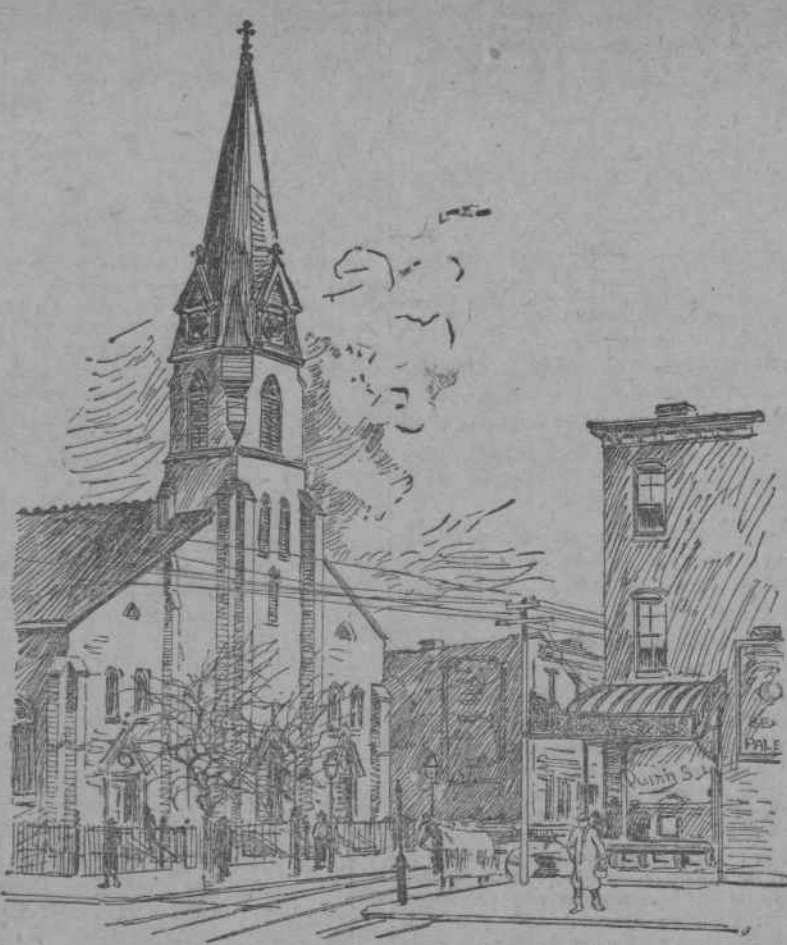
The most flagrant disregard of the "Two Hundred Foot law," as it is called in Long Island City, is in the neighborhood of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, on Vernon avenue, corner of Fifth street. There are six liquor stores within the 200-foot limit. This fence of whiskey does not seem to annoy the priest who presides over the parish, the Rev. Father Maguire. He is a man with a reputation and a rosy countenance that looks as though he had found out the worth of most of the good things of this world. He said yesterday:

"But they violate the law," he was reminded.

"Well," rejoined the good-natured father, "law is not always justice."

"T. Monaghan's Long Island Railroad saloon is the farthest away of the six. Its door barely falls within the draided line. Monaghan has not more than four inches to spare. He is at No. 90 Vernon avenue, where the church is at Nos. 78 and 80. St. Mary's saloon is 195 feet away from the sacred edifice in the other direction."

No. 84 is the beer store of Isaac Hans, which is 180 feet from St. Mary's. Across



St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church.

There are six saloons within two hundred feet of this place of worship in Long Island City. Mayor Gleason has declared that he will close all that are violating the law.

Vernon avenue, directly opposite the church, is Hugh Quinn's saloon, at No. 78. It is only eighty feet from the main entrance of the church. No. 81, the other corner, is John H. Ratten's Keystone saloon, 140 feet from the church, and next door at No. 83, 150 feet away, is John Dampke's place, where bottled liquor is the principal article of trade.

Among the many other gully saloon keepers are Charles Schwendhager, at No. 808 Steinway avenue, whose door is less than 100 feet from that of the Rev. Father Thomas's Protestant Episcopal Church, which is at Nos. 739 and 741. George Gottlieb, at No. 740 Ninth avenue, across the street, is the same distance from the church.

OTHER GUILTY SALOON KEEPERS.

Andrew Branstetter's saloon, at No. 71 Flushing avenue, is less than 100 feet from the parochial school of the Roman Catholic Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, which is presided over by the Rev. Father Walsh. Queens County Athletic Club Hall on Flushing avenue, near Newtown avenue, is 115 feet from the parochial school. F. Cohn, of No. 53 Debevoise avenue, is 112 feet away from the church of the Apostles. Frank Lenz, whose saloon is at Palmer and Academy streets, is 198 feet from the German Reformed Church, on Academy street. Joseph Johnson, of No. 690 Vernon avenue, is 106 feet from the "Annex" School.

"The Columbus," kept by John O'Brien, of No. 121 East avenue, near Seventh street, is 184 feet from the Baptist Church, at Eighth street and East avenue. Eva Chalmers Walker, Paddy Fitzgerald, keeps a saloon on Hamilton street. The police have decided that he is within 200 feet of St. Thomas's Protestant Episcopal Church, on Hancock street. The only way they could get him on the blacklist was to measure through the back yards from his back door to the rear entrance to the church. It will be interesting to notice whether or not Fitzgerald's license is revoked.

The Scolesko Hotel, kept by James Meyer, at No. 101 Academy street, is seventy-five feet away from the Dutch Reformed Church, on the opposite corner. Both are on the corner of Rudder street and Wilbur avenue, and Jacob Huth's is across the street on the opposite corner. Both are within 200 feet of the "Annex" School on Wilbur avenue. St. Raphael's Roman Catholic Church is on Greenpoint avenue, near Calvary cemetery. Malloy's Hotel, a saloon patronized almost exclusively by the cabmen who drive in the funeral processions, and Michael Powers's, are both within 200 feet of its door.

Mayor Gleason had this to say of the saloons in Long Island City and his orders to the police to take measurements:

"There are too many liquor stores here and we're going to wipe out some of them. They're breaking the law, and the quality of the law must be upheld. I'm the man to uphold it, and although I am no apostle of Mr. Roosevelt, I'm going to do it."

LENSES MISSING WITH BEST.

A Long Island Photographer Disappears with \$250 Worth of Apparatus.

Northport, L. I., Feb. 19.—Constable Charles Smith went to New York City today with a warrant for the arrest of F. W. Best, a photographer of this village, who, with his family, disappeared a few days ago. He is charged with taking several lenses belonging to W. H. Ingersoll, an ex-professor of Columbia College, New York City, which were valued at over \$250. One of the lenses has been found in a pawn shop. Best was employed by W. A. Strawn, a photographer of this village.

CRYING SHAME.

Something that every man, woman and child should strive to attain. Order the Sunday Journal from your newsdealer, in advance, or you may be unable to read about it.

HIS SUFFERINGS RELIEVED BY DEATH.

Little Albert Benz, Brooklyn's Hykrophobia Victim, Died in Horrible Agony.

The Presence of Physicians, Who Had Offered Him Water, Threw Him into Convulsions.

NOW THE DOCTORS CUT HIM UP.

They Will Experiment with Portions of His Brain Upon Rabbits in the Interest of Science—The Father Will Recover.

Albert Benz, a five-year-old boy, who lived with his parents at No. 90 Maple street, Williamsburg, was taken to St. Catherine's Hospital, Sunday, suffering from hydrophobia. He had been bitten by a dog December 31. Michael Benz, the father, was accidentally scalded while carrying the boy to the hospital. Mr. Benz is now a patient of the Pasteur Institute.

Albert Benz died at 9 o'clock yesterday morning, in the arms of a Sister of St. Dominick. The little fellow's last hours were wretched beyond description. The good woman who nursed him wept as she watched the agony of the frenzied child.

Albert had not closed his eyes in sleep since Saturday. Hydrophobia victims can never sleep. They know no rest until death relieves them of their sufferings.

How Little Albert Died.

The daylight was streaming into the children's ward when Albert had a hydrophobic convulsion. His breathing became rapid and irregular. He squirmed and struggled and foamed at the mouth, and snapped at the hands of his nurse as viciously as mad dog ever did. By 8 o'clock he was calm again, but still delirious. When the doctors bent over his cot, Albert gave a terrified scream, for, delirious though he was, he recognized them as the men who had offered him water. The doctors withdrew. They said that the boy raised his head and folded his hands to his breast. And so Albert Benz passed into the valley of the shadow.

RABBITS AND THE DOCTORS.

They conveyed the little body to the hospital morgue, and soon the doctors were dissecting it "in the interests of science." Portions of the boy's brain were cut out and sent to the Hoggland Laboratory in Brooklyn, where today several happy rabbits will be inoculated with virus from the body of Albert Benz. Hydrophobia in the human subject is so infrequent and so few practitioners have met with a case, that the experiments on the rabbits will be followed with interest by the medical faculty hereabouts.

Dr. William Moser, pathologist of St. Catherine's Hospital, performed the autopsy. Albert Benz died of hydrophobia, said Dr. Moser yesterday, "but the immediate cause of death was asphyxia, which is attributable to convulsions. All the internal organs were normal. When once developed, hydrophobia is invariably fatal. No well-authenticated case of recovery has yet been recorded. The disease itself is terrible in the distress suffered by the patient, and in horror which it attributes to the minds of those who watch its progress. The wound did not suffer over etching shroud, which the doctor, who is a rabid dog, the wound did not differ in any visible character from one that might have been inflicted by a healthy animal. The danger from the bite of a rabid dog consists in the inoculation of the animal's saliva, which, if entering, contains a subtle but communicable organic poison. But there are several circumstances which may interfere with the poison taking effect. The individual may be habitually or at the time insusceptible to its action, and in horror which it attributes to the body covered with clothing, the saliva, which is the only vehicle of the poison, may have been absorbed by the patient and may not have come in contact with the wound at all. Then again, the poison may have been attracted from the wound immediately afterward by the free discharge of blood. At all events, statistics show conclusively that the bite of a rabid animal does not always cause hydrophobia.

The poison remained quiescent in this little boy's system for seven weeks. The exact period during which it may be dormant and afterward become fully developed varies in different cases. Instances have been related in which hydrophobia has been induced after an interval of several years, but these statements are evidently wanting in authenticity, and are almost universally regarded as extremely doubtful. It seems positive, however, that the period of latency may be extended to one year, and possibly to a year and a half. Any good surgeon, if called in time, will apply the remedies for a rabid dog's bite. But he may not be applied to in season, and the animal may not be suspected of rabies at the time of the injury. Even so, the life is in jeopardy for the sufferer which circumstances permit, the person who has been bitten by a mad dog must still pass through several weeks of months of anxious uncertainty until the extreme limit of possible incubation has been reached."

WORTHLEY ADMITS SHORTAGE.

Long Branch's Collector Doesn't Know Where the Money Went.

Long Branch, N. J., Feb. 19.—Municipal Collector Thomas L. Worthley of this place, surrendered his books and papers today to the Board of Commissioners. They were placed in the hands of the newly-appointed Collector, Thomas K. Wooley.

Worthley admits he is short in his accounts \$7,000, but says he does not know where the money has gone. Municipal Auditor Sherman says the shortage will reach \$10,000.

Worthley's bondsmen will be called upon to make good the deficiency. The bondsmen are James Throckmorton, F. M. Taylor, Jr., J. F. R. Brown, B. P. Dobbin, E. H. Price, Christian Fessler, John A. Eaton, J. J. Gascoy and Thomas Patten. The two latter have died since the bond was issued.

DROPPED DEAD WHILE AT WORK.

Sebastian Boudi, sixty-five years old, foreman at the Erie Railroad paint shops, Jersey City, dropped dead at work yesterday. County Physician Converse granted a permit for the removal of the body.

Consolidation the Topic at Albany.

Albany, Feb. 19.—The Kings County delegation of Republicans is trying to get together in the Assembly to stop consolidation. The "Eandy Eleven," as they are called by the Democrats, have called a caucus on two separate occasions and may get one in the course of time. But what will come of it they do not even know themselves. They talk of inviting in the Democrats, but the latter are laughing at the agony of their associates, and are not likely to do any visiting. John S. McKeon, who is here fresh from the Nineteenth Ward, is stirring up the matter of opposition. He conferred with G. W. Wilson, Senator Sullivan, Senator Pavey, Assemblymen Butts, Cain and others. There is no strength in the Brooklyn Republican combination. They are jealous of each other. Mr. Wilson has been the accredited leader, but Mr. Andrett is the oldest member and they are trying to divide honors and to pacify the others by calling their conference at the house where Forester Brennan, Hughes and Livingston live.

The trouble with the plan thus far comes through Mr. Forester, who has about sixteen of the notorious grab bills out of the lot, and who is afraid that if any stand is taken against party measures it will hurt his chances of getting these bills through.

Early in the day the old fight over the Volunteer Life Saving Corps bill and its \$12,000 appropriation was renewed. J. Wesley Jones, of the Nineteenth Ward, was on hand to denounce ex-Admiral Ayers, of trying to block the measure because he had been reduced. There was a cheerful exchange of compliments and the matter was dropped.

In the course of the session the Gulliver bill, making the Bridge free to bicyclists, was reported favorably, as was the Weiman Glenmore Avenue Improvement bill with the provision for bicycle side paths on Ocean Parkway. Favorable reports were also made on Senator McCarren's bill to widen Kent avenue, and Senator Weiman's bill for reindexing records, but without the mandatory provision. The new bills introduced included two by Senator Weiman, one of which makes the bridge tenders as patrolmen and incidentally raises their salaries, which the Board of Estimate has repeatedly declined to do. The other grades trust companies as banks for purpose of taxation.

MARKED FOR A LYNCHING.

Indignant Residents of Rockaway Beach Searching for Robert Brockett, Who Is Believed to Be in Hiding.

Rockaway Beach, N. Y., Feb. 19.—A number of citizens of Inwood are scouring the beach searching for Robert Brockett, a hotel proprietor of this place, who is wanted on a charge preferred by Ina Haynes, aged ten years, the daughter of Samuel Haynes.

A short time ago word was received at the beach that Brockett had been seen at the beach. The searchers declare that if he is captured they will hang him to the first tree. It is believed that he is in hiding here. Residents are watching all the trains to see that he does not escape.

ANGRY FATHER IN PURSUIT.

Captain Dugro Follows His Eloping Daughter from Indiana to Brooklyn.

A tall, refined looking old gentleman rushed hurriedly through the corridor of the St. George Hotel, in Brooklyn, yesterday, to the clerk's desk. Quickly snatching up the register he scanned the list of arrivals. Then he drew a card from his pocket, which bore the name of "Captain Dugro," and handed it to the clerk. He asked that he be sent to the rooms of Mr. and Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee Carter immediately. The clerk politely informed the "Captain" that the couple had departed about an hour before, whereupon the old gentleman exclaimed: "I've missed them for fair, sir," and left the hotel.

Subsequently it was learned that the Mrs. Carter was the daughter of the Captain and had eloped with the son of Fitzhugh Lee Carter, a nephew of General Fitzhugh Lee. The young man is in business in Philadelphia and it was there he met the young lady, who was visiting friends. It was a case of love at first sight, but the father opposed the marriage. He took his daughter to Chicago and young Carter followed them. Captain Dugro left his daughter at the hotel on Friday, and when he returned she had disappeared. She left a note stating that she had eloped with Carter. The couple were married in Cincinnati.

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FOOD AND FUEL FOR STARVING STRIKERS.

Relief for the Unemployed Garment Workers in Brooklyn.

Many Families Found Starving in Cold and Scantily Furnished Homes.

SOME WERE ABOUT TO BE EVICTED.

One of the Sufferers Fainted from Exhaustion in the Office of Delegate Solotovsky—Had Not Tasted Food Since Monday.

The families of many of the striking garment workers of Brooklyn were found to be starving yesterday. The majority of the men had not earned a day's pay in nearly four months, and, as a natural result, their families are being deprived of the actual necessities of life. They are nearly all Russian Poles and speak very little English, which accounts greatly for their condition not becoming known sooner.

One of the strikers, Wolf Lebkowitz, yesterday entered the office of Joseph Solotovsky, delegate and organizer, at No. 108 Humboldt street. He was pale and emaciated, and before he could make his story known, he fainted from exhaustion. He had not tasted food since Monday night, and his wife and three children in their two small rooms on the top floor of No. 150 Varet street had lived on dry bread and water for nearly a week.

The home of the Lebkowitzs shows poverty at every turn. Everything of any value had been sent to the neighboring pawn shops and the place was bare, desolate and cold. The mother sat in a rocking chair nursing a sick child, which she had just recovered from an infantile complaint. To make matters worse, the landlord had notified them to vacate the place, as back rent was due.

IN LESS THAN HALF AN HOUR after the facts of the Lebkowitz case had become known, he had a receipt for the rent in his pocket, while on the table was a supply of bread, butter, meat, flour, coffee, sugar and other necessities. His coal bill was paid, and the little ones danced around in childish glee at the prospect of enjoying a meal consisting of something besides bread and water.

Another sad case is that of Max Abraham, who lives on the top floor of the rear house at No. 73 Graham avenue. He has a wife and four small children, and has been out of work for over three months.

At a week when able to secure work. There was practically nothing in the little home in the way of provisions, although it was late in the afternoon they had not yet had their morning meal. It was explained that for a month they had taken but two meals a day. The morning meal yesterday consisted of potatoes and bread only. They were furnished with provisions and fuel sufficient to last for several days. Abraham had tears in his eyes when he endeavored to express his thanks.

OUT OF WORK TEN WEEKS.

At No. 150 Varet street the family of Abraham Kaplan occupy the two small rooms in the rear of the second floor, and though the place was tidy and well cared for, it was cold and bare. The family consists of father, mother and three children. The father is but two months old, and is far from well.

The father has been out of work for ten weeks, and in order to furnish food for his family, had pawned many of their ornaments and his overcoat. They owed a debt of \$7, and the mother was nearly destitute. They were nearly all the same. A description of one gives a clear idea of all. The furniture comprised a bed, table and two chairs. In some instances an old stove had been substituted for the larger coal range, which had found its way to the second-hand store. There were no carpets, no pictures and no ornamental bric-a-brac.

The unfortunate were found at Nos. 44 Moore street, 11 Siegel street, 100 Johnson avenue, 28 Moore street, 102 Varet street, 54 Siegel street, 70 Varet street, 56 Siegel street, 105 Moore street, 70 Graham avenue, 328 Bushwick avenue, 50 Varet street, 73 Morel street, 45 Cooke street, 171 McKibbin street and 62 Moore street.

UNION UNABLE TO ASSIST.

The people are all Russian Poles who are garment workers and were ordered to strike by their union a few months ago. The strike against the contractors had scarcely been settled when a lockout occurred because the bosses refused to live up to the scale of wages this agreement stipulated for. At the present time they are on strike, mainly pants and children's jacket makers, in addition to which there are 900 coat makers idle.

The union has been giving their members aid up to within a week ago, when their funds became exhausted. Since then the people have been slowly starving. "Very few have any idea of the actual condition of these people," Delegate Solotovsky said. "Their families are large enough when they have work to enable them to save very much. Consequently they are not well prepared for a siege of idleness like the present. They will to-night eat their first hearty meal for weeks."

That the sympathies of the people are

with the starving strikers was demonstrated yesterday when the families were notified by Mr. Solotovsky that until they could obtain work Druggist L. J. Jerselson, of No. 60 Moore street and No. 739 Park avenue, would furnish them medical attendance and all drugs free of charge.

SHOT AT THROUGH A LAMP.

George Haddon Charged with a Murderous Attempt on Robert Maybie. Bluecoat in Time.

George Haddon, a furniture mover living at No. 117 Fifteenth street, Brooklyn, is charged with making an unsuccessful attempt yesterday to kill Robert Maybie at the latter's home, No. 77 Hewes street, Williamsburg. Haddon called at Maybie's home to ask him to intercede for him with Herman Burdell, who had secured a judgment against him in a civil action, and have the execution delayed for a few weeks. Maybie and Burdell are friends, and when the former refused to have anything to do with the matter, Haddon, as alleged, drew an old-fashioned English bulldog revolver and declared he would kill him.

Maybie jumped behind a student's lamp to protect himself. Just then Haddon discharged the weapon. It is alleged, and the bullet shattered the lamp. Mrs. Maybie, who had witnessed the attack, ran to the street screaming for help. A crowd soon gathered in front of the house. Policeman McGarvey, of the Clymer street station, who had his attention attracted by the crowd, was soon on the scene and arrested Haddon just as he rushed out the front door down the steps of the stoop. He had been disarmed by Maybie before he could use the weapon upon him the second time. The prisoner denied the shooting. When questioned he refused to make a statement until he had consulted a lawyer. He was arraigned in the Lee Avenue Police Court Justice Goetting remanded him in \$1,500 bail for trial on a charge of assault with intent to kill.

POLICE WATCHING STRIKERS.

No Trouble Is Feared, However, in the Williamsburg Shoe Factory.

Since the strike among the hands employed in the shoe factory of Joseph Wicher, at Nos. 24 to 28 Boerum street, Williamsburg, a week ago, a dozen policemen attached to the Stagg Street Station have been guarding the building. There are nearly three hundred hands on strike. Mr. Wicher declares that he will make no advances to the strikers, and, if necessary, will shut down. He now has a dozen hands at work. The strikers have not attempted to molest those at work, but the police have no fear that any attempt at violence will be made.

ANOTHER HABITUAL CRIMINAL.

Cropper the Second Man So Classified in a Kings County Court.

George Cropper, forty-four years old, is the second prisoner in Kings County who has been adjudged "an habitual criminal," and will be, as such, constantly under the supervision of the police and liable to arrest on suspicion and without a warrant, should he ever leave the penitentiary alive.

He was found guilty yesterday afternoon, before Judge Hurd, of the County Court, of burglary in the first degree, second offense. Subsequently he pleaded guilty of burglary in the second degree. For both crimes he can be sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment.

PIANOS.

Must be disposed of to make room for Spring stock. They are all big bargains at the prices we are asking.

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Steinway, Chickering, Stirling, Billings & Co., and several other well-known makes.

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One year's tuning.

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AT LAST

You can Have Your Corns, bunions, ingrown nails, moles and warts positively cured without the use of a knife at moderate cost; cure guaranteed or money refunded.

DR. H. MAYER, Specialist, 501 Fulton St., Brooklyn. Testimonials: Dr. Mayer cured my feet of Corns, Bunions and Ingrown Nails. Col. J. H. Fulton, Brooklyn. Dr. Mayer cured my Ingrown Nails. B. F. Von Hagen, 1738 Atlantic ave.

ONE END OF "BEER BIBBERS' BLOCK," BORDEN AVENUE, LONG ISLAND CITY.

